

THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"



ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50
Post Paid to all parts of the world



"A"

HQ

"B"

ALLIED WITH 1ST THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

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APRIL, 1934

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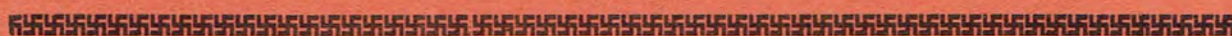
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Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

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FROM THE MARNE TO THE DESERTS AT DIBI
THE BATTLEFRONTS RANG WITH THE NAME
OF A TROOPER KNOWN AS LIBBY

BUT GREAT WAS HIS GLORY AND FAME
A BOTTLE OF HOT CATSUP HE'D SWALLOW
AND PICKLES HE'D DOWN BY THE JAR
IN SAUCES HE'D ACTUALLY WALLOW
THE WONDER, HE WAS, OF THE WAR!

"C" SQUADRON
GOT PAID AL-
RIGHT - THAT
GUY'S LOADIN'
UP ON PICKLES!



Personal & Regimental

Bate-Gibbs Wedding.

On Saturday afternoon, April 7th. Miss Eleanor May Gibbs, daughter of Mrs. Gibbs and the late Arthur F. Gibbs, was married to Captain Stuart Cameron Bate, son of Mr. H. Gerald Bate and the late Mrs. Bate, of Ottawa in St. Johns Garrison Church. Rev. C. W. Hedley officiated assisted by Rev. J. T. Robbins. The bride was attended by her sister Mrs. Geoffrey Beament, of Sorel Que., as matron of honour, Mrs. Philip Tilly, of Toronto, and Miss Elizabeth Bate of St. Catharines, Major Gerald A. Bate of Ottawa brother of the groom was groomsman and the ushers were Major W. S. Fenton the R.C.R. Capt. W. E. Gillespie, Lieut. A. P. Ardagh and Lt. H. A. Phillips, all of the Canadian Dragoons.

Long before the arrival of the bridal party, the historic little church, which was beautifully decorated with lillies and marguerites was completely filled. Officers of the district, resplendent in full dress added to the picturesque setting for the marriage. As the soft strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March drifted from the chancel, the bridal procession slowly wended its way up the aisle. The short service was carried out at the foot of the altar amid banks of spring blooms, and the ceremony over, the bride and groom passed down the aisle and left the church under an arch of swords formed by the Warrant and Non-Commissioned Officers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

A reception was held at Stanley Barracks where nearly three hundred guests offered their congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple. After the reception, Capt. and Mrs. Bate amid showers of confetti and best wishes for 'bon voyage' left on a motor trip to the southern states.

We offer a welcome to Lt. McCagy, of the R.C.R. to Cavalry Barracks, this month. Lt. McCagy, who has been stationed in Quebec for some years has replaced Lt. D. B. Buell, R.C.R., who left for 'A' Company R.C.R., at Halifax, last month.

April 7th, 1934.

To Private Secretary,
His Majesty The King.
Buckingham Palace,
London, Eng.

Royal Canadian Dragoons Old Comrades Association at their Annual re-union send greetings and renewed expressions of loyalty and devotion to their Colonel-in-Chief.
Royal Canadian Dragoons

April 7th, 1934.

To Lord Mottistone,
Mottistone Manor,
Isle of Wight.

R.C.D. Old Comrades send you very best wishes at their re-union.

Royal Canadian Dragoons.

April 9th, 1934.

Windsor Castle, 1157
President Royal Can. Dragoons,
Association,
Toronto, Canada.

The King Heartily thanks the Royal Canadian Dragoons Old Comrades Association for their loyal assurance to their Colonel-in-Chief.

Private Secretary.

April 11th, 1934.

Lt. Col. Timmis,
Stanley Barracks, Toronto.
Please convey my grateful thanks Old Comrades Royal Canadian Dragoons for their good wishes which I heartily reciprocate.

Mottistone.

Capt. and Mrs. S. C. Bates, were visitors to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on Friday April 13th on their way from New York to Ottawa.



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PARIS

"Mr. W. S. Lighthall, of Cahau, Lighthall, and Hendry, 231 St. James St. West, Montreal, P.Q., is often in a position to find men mining jobs. As an old comrade of the Regiment, Mr. Lighthall will be very glad to try and help any ex-members of the Regiment with whom they should communicate."

"RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTION"

We would ask our readers whose subscriptions are running out and who received notice thereof to renew them as quickly as possible, so that not a single issue may be missed.

This month the old comrades re-union and officers dinner are taking place at Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

Here, memories of former days are revived and incidents some-

times forgotten are talked over with a new enthusiasm.

Present and past officers, serving and former, the Royal Canadian Dragoons will gather together to pay homage to a regiment of which all are justly proud. The Goat is the mouthpiece of our regiment, the life blood of each being the same. Why not look for a re-union every month? The Goat is not a quarterly publication, but comes monthly giving an account of each even before it is ancient history. Our aim is have the 'Goat' go to the home of each old comrade, and to have every one take an interest in its welfare.

We want interesting news, letters, pictures and cartoons. We need subscriptions renewals and advertisements to carry out our aims. If every reader sent us one new subscription, the increased circulation would help our advertising efforts.



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From Private to Field-Marshal.

The inspiring career of Sir William Robertson, former Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and whose sudden death occurred in London, is graphically told in an article appearing in "The Morning Post". An account of the amazing success of this fine soldier is presented in the 'Goat' as being of general interest.

The career of Sir William Robertson, who died in London at the age of 73, was one of the most wonderful in the annals of the British Army. The story of his rise from private to Chief of the Imperial General Staff for more than two years, during one of the most critical times in our history, and then to Field-Marshal, reads like a romance.

Sir William owed his remarkable success to sheer ability, grit and hard work. He had little schooling, and he was for eleven years in the ranks before he obtained a commission. Yet, so well was he equipped for a military career that he made an admirable Commandant of the Staff College and filled with distinction, a series of great positions demanding a high standard of education, and calling for intellectual qualifications of the first order.

His rugged honesty, his tendency of purpose, his foresight proved invaluable assets during the Great War, and the nations owe a deep debt of gratitude to him for the stand he took against the amateur strategists who tried to turn him from the sound course he steered while Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

William Robert Robertson was born at Welbourn, in Lincolnshire, on the 14th September, 1859. He was educated at the village school and at the age of fourteen went into service. The future Field-

Marshal had, however, from early years, set his heart on becoming a soldier, and in 1877, when seventeen, he enlisted in the 16th Lancers.

From the outset he showed his determination to get on by perfecting himself in drill, by improving his education, and by attaining proficiency in skill at arms. He was a sergeant within three and a half years, and before long became troop sergeant-major. But it was not until 1888, when he had completed eleven years in the ranks, that he made his first great step upwards, by obtaining a commission in the 3rd Dragoon Guards then stationed in India.

On joining his new regiment he at once commenced to study native language for which he developed a remarkable aptitude. He also read any works on the art of war that came into his hands. His zeal and ability were speedily recognized, and he received his reward in being chosen to act as Railway Transport Officer during the Niranzari Expedition of 1891. After this he was summoned to Simla to become a Staff Lieutenant for Intelligence.

In 1894, he went on a special reconnaissance to the Pamirs, and in the following year was appointed Field Intelligence Officer with the Chitral Relief Force. He was severely wounded in the campaign, was mentioned in despatches, was awarded the D.S.O. and received the medal and clasp. He returned to Simla as a Staff Captain.

In 1896 he passed into the Staff College, being the first 'Ranker' to do so. In 1900 he was sent to South Africa, and was appointed Army Headquarters. Just about the same time he was promoted regimental major.

For his services in the field he was mentioned in despatches, was promoted brevet lieutenant-colonel and received the Queen's medal with four clasps. He was thus a lieutenant-colonel at the age of 41 and after only 12 years of commissioned service.

At the end of 1901 the Intelligence Division, now under Sir W. Nicholson, was considerably expanded, and Robertson was thereupon selected to be an A.Q.M.G., under its new organization.

He held this position for three years, showing a rare aptitude for the work, and subsequently he became Commandant of the Staff

College—a remarkable position for a virtually selfmade man, who had enjoyed practically no education in his early years, to have attained.

At the annual Army Manoeuvres of 1912 and of 1913 he accompanied the King, and in 1913 he was created at K.C.C.O.

After the manoeuvres of 1913 Sir W. Robertson returned to the War Office to take up the appointment of Director of Military Training.

A few months later the Great War commenced, and on mobilisation he was selected to be Quartermaster-General of the Expeditionary Force. He proceeded with it to the Continent.

He proved an admirable Quartermaster-General during the early trying days on the western Front. The difficult problems in connection with supply that arose during the retreat from Mons and when it subsequently was moved to Flanders, were satisfactorily overcome, and the important department under his control proved itself highly efficient from the very start of active operations.

He, however, only retained the post until the end of 1914 for he was then chosen to succeed Sir Archibald Murray as Sir John French's Chief of the General Staff, receiving the K.C.B. in recognition of his previous services. He occupied that position all through the year 1915, and he saw the British forces in the field expand into a huge host.

Holding the position he did, he was necessarily brought into contact from time to time with members of the Government, and, with Lord Kitchener, he attended conferences in Paris and in London. It was decided that, on Sir Douglas Haig succeeding Sir John French in the chief command and general rearrangement of appointment taking place he should be brought home to take up the position of Chief of the Imperial General Staff at the War Office.

In agreeing to this arrangement, which came into force at the end of the year, insisted that he should be a real Chief of the General Staff, should convey the orders of the Government to Commanders in the field, and should be the principal adviser of the Cabinet on all operations questions. He was promoted General shortly after taking up the appointment.

Immediately on taking over, he pressed the War Council to assent to the evacuation of Helles, which they were proposing to hold. He rearranged the distribution of duties in the General Staff, and he introduced a Deputy who would relieve him of routine work. He obtained the assent of the Government to the War office gradually taking over from India the control of the Mesopotamia campaign. He impressed the principle upon the Cabinet, that the Western Front was the decisive theatre of war, and that commitments further afield must imperatively be kept within limits (especially in the case of Salonika), while he ensured that such forces as were engaged upon 'side-shows' should at least be properly equipped and fitted out with war material.

Thanks very largely to his efforts and to his abnormal powers of organization, 1919 proved a very different year from 1915. The great offensive on the Somme achieved marked success. The isthmus of Suez was secured, and the Turks were thrown upon the defensive in Palestine. Large portions of German East Africa were occupied. Although the steps taken in Mesopotamia proved too late to save Kut, everything was by the end of the year ready for the carrying out of a great offensive in that quarter, and General Maude's operation had actually opened with a brilliant success.

1917 was a more difficult year for Robertson, although his great services were rewarded with the G.C.B. The burden cast on the shoulders of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff would have crushed many a man—directing military operations all over the world, meeting their requirements in men and materials, and ensuring co-operation with our Allies.

A blunt soldier, Robertson was not at his best in dealing with politicians for he was without either bent or aptitude for intrigue. It was considered to be due to this uncompromising attitude that he was replaced at the most critical stage of the war.

On vacating the position of C.I.G.S. early in 1918, Sir William Robertson was appointed to the Eastern Command, but in May he was transferred to the Horse Guards to become Commander-in-Chief in the United Kingdom in

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place of Lord French. He held that position till April, 1919 when he was given command of the British Army of the Rhine, which he retained for nearly a year, returning some when the troops came to be largely reduced in numbers in the occupied area. He had in the meantime been given the G.C.M.G. and when the final distribution of honours for the war took place he was made a Baronet, and received a grant of £10,000. In 1920 he was promoted Field-Marshal and six years later he became Colonel of the 3rd/6th Dragoon Guards.

Reference has already been made to his interesting book of reminiscences, "From Private to Field-Marshal", which appeared in 1920. Six years later the "Morning Post" published by instalments the greater part of his "Soldiers and Statesmen," which afterwards appeared in book form. In this important work he brushed aside still further the veil which had been drawn over the inner history of the Great War.

He was occasional contributor to the columns of the Morning Post. One of the most striking of the articles published under his name in this journal was that in which in August 1927 he pleaded with the higher authorities to extend greater sympathy and help to the Territorial Army, which he said never received the whole hearted support to which it was entitled.

During the last few years his public appearances were few but he was prevailed upon, in June of last year, to broadcast an address in the "Rungs of the Ladder" series of talks.

One of his last public engagements was to address at the Buildhall the officers of the Public School Cadet Association to whom he said that, after nearly half a century of training for war, taking part in war, and writing about it, he had reached the conclusion that war was a futile thing.

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St. Johns.

Sir William Robertson married in 1894 Mildred Adelaide, daughter of the late Lt.-Gen. T. C. Palin, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his surviving son, Major Brian H. Robertson, R.E., who was born in 1896 and gained the D.S.O. and the M.C. in the Great War.

THE 62nd U.S. CAVALRY SONG

"Oh Horse."

Oh horse, you are a wonderful thing,
No button to push, no bells to ring;
You start yourself with no clutch to slip;
No license buying every year
No numbered plates on front and rear.

No gas bills climbing up each day,
Stealing the joy life away;
No speed cops clugging at your rear
Yelling a summons in your ear.
Your inner tubes are all O.K.
And, thank the Lord, they stay that way.

Your spark plugs never miss or fuss
Your motor never make us cuss,
Your frame is good for many a mile,
Your body never changes style.
You've something on the auto yet,
Your wants are few and easily met.

Regimental Pea Soup

Take one carefully selected pea, place on the bottom of a previously cleaned saucepan or kettle; add thereto, slowly but deliberately, seven gallons of household tap water; place on fire [coal or gas] After boiling for several hours and constantly stirring, the liquid should not thicken somewhat.

Take the pea out wipe dry, and put away for further use. Strain through a colander and serve hot.

We acknowledge with thanks the 6th Hussars Journal, the Canadian Veteran, and the Canadian Defence Quarterly.

Glanders.

Glanders is probably the most insidious disease that a horse is subject to. It is caused by a bacterium or vegetable micro-organism the bacillus mallei. The germ is a rod-shaped organism, similar in appearance to the bacillus tuberculi. The disease was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. There are two forms of Glanders, acute and chronic. Chronic Glanders is extremely insidious as often no signs except slight nasal discharges and one or both submaxillary glands slightly swollen may be the only visible evidence. The glands may be swollen without any nasal discharge. The coat will be dry and tense. The animal will get weak and sweat unnaturally. His health will eventually break up and he will develop acute glanders. Generally one side only is affected and the discharge is from that side alone. The discharge dries around that side of the nostrils. The mucous membrane of the nostril [Schneiderian membrane] is pale and grey or purple in colour. The eye on the same side is smaller and weak, with usually a flow of tears.

A horse may have chronic Glanders for years without having an acute attack, but he would respond with a positive reaction with the mallein test.

In acute Glanders the temperature will rise seven or eight degrees; there will be persistent shivering, coat dry and staring, pulse fast and weak. There may be diarrhoea and swelling of the limbs and head. Death may follow in three to fourteen days.

The period of latency may extend to even years. The period of incubation is normally one to six weeks. Marked symptoms may not manifest for months or even years. A horse in poor condition will generally develop clinical symptoms more rapidly than one in good condition. The slight nasal discharge that is the first clinical symptom as a rule may be mistaken for an ordinary cold. But this discharge is highly infectious and can transmit the disease through the horse trough or other vessels used for watering or feeding. When clinical symptoms become well established the patient goes off his feed; the watery discharge from the nostril

or nostrils increases and later become thick and starchy and dark in colour, as it becomes mixed with the pus and blood. The eyes are generally weak and watery. The skin becomes hidebound and the hair may be easily rubbed off. The glands under the lower jaw become swollen and hard. Abscesses may form on the outside of the lower jaw with no tendency to point, after pimples or abscesses form on the Schneiderian membrane inside the nostrils. The discharge has a bad odour and is very infectious. The nodules formed are generally clustered and mostly on the septum nasi [the partition between the nostrils].

These nodules have a yellowish white centre. In a few days these burst and form ulcers resembling hard syphilitic cancers, and show no disposition to heal. There is generally no cough, sore throat or fever in this stage. Post mortem examinations show lesions in the lungs. There are tubercles or nodules in the lung tissue up to the size of a pea and are hard to touch.

Causes

Directly by ingestion of the bacillus mallei or by its admission through the eye or an open wound, such as a cut or scratch. Glanders is not caught by inhalation, as used to be commonly thought. Stables with many horses with acute glanders have had horses and men living and working therein for months without contracting the disease. The disease is spread by the infection mucus of the glandered horse getting into the alimentary canal or the blood stream of a sound horse through its mouth or through a wound. In other words the disease is spread by direct contact. The horse trough and water buckets are common sources, or the food on which an infected horse has blown his nostrils. Glandered horses have worked in pair harness and not given the disease to the mate. It would almost be impossible for a horse to catch Glanders from other horses on the streets, unless they came in direct nose contact. Horses should never be allowed to muzzle strange horses for this reason. There is also a grave danger of men contracting Glanders if a glandered horse sneezes in his eyes; or if a man handles a glandered horse's nose or articles

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infected by that horse and has a wound on his hand, or after such handling scratches a wound on his body without first thoroughly washing his hands in antiseptic.

After the germ gets into the blood stream, it eventually becomes arrested in the lungs where it destroys the lung tissue forming lesions. Flies are held by some authorities as being a possible source of danger in spreading Glanders from a glandered horse.

Treatment

A suspicious case must be isolated at once and the matter reported to the official government veterinary inspectors. A suspicious case must be given the Mallein test as this is the only sure way of ascertaining if the suspect is glandered or not. If the test shows a positive reaction, the regulations state that the animal must be destroyed at once if it is showing visible clinical symptoms. But if there are no clinical symptoms except the Mallein reaction, regulations are clear that the horse does not have to be destroyed. He may be kept isolated and given another test and if this reacts positive, a third test, providing not more than one year elapses between the first and third tests. If the third test still shows positive, the animal must be destroyed, but if negative, he is considered safe.

The bedding of an infected horse must be destroyed and all water or food vessels, mangers and tools used on or by the horse must be made antiseptic by boiling or treatment with 1 in 500 Mercury Chloride, 3 per cent solution carbolic or creolin. All clothing used must be likewise treated and the stall thoroughly down and then treated with antiseptic.

Men examining a suspect's nostril must take great care that the horse does not sneeze into examiners' face. Special face masks have been used by veterinarians in infected areas. The chief care necessary is that no infected mucus is left about anywhere. The hands must be well washed after handling an infectious case and it is safer to wear a washable white cotton coat.

Glanders in the human being is generally fatal, although there are several cases on record of apparent

cure. Some authorities state that there is no proof of a final cure anymore than in syphilis as they think the bacillus mallei may lie dormant as does the syphilis spirilla in the human system.

Susceptibility

Cattle, fowl, rats and house mice are immune to Glanders. Asses, mules, field mice guinea pigs, cats, dogs, goats, rabbits, sheep and humans are not immune. Asses are more and humans less susceptible than horses. Horses well cared for are far less liable to contract the disease.

Vitality of the Germ.

It is incapable of maintaining an independent existence [like the bacteria of tetanus and anthrax does], away from its host. It is quickly destroyed by temperatures below 36 degrees and above 81 degrees F. Complete drying as a rule destroys its virulence in a week. Three months is the longest a dried bacillus mallei retains its virulence. An undried bacillus can only live four months outside of animal tissue. Therefore any stable occupied or clothing or vessels used by a glandered horse is safe after four months even if these have not been antiseptically treated. Freezing or temperatures of 100 degrees F. are also responsible for more rapid disinfecting.

McFaydean claims that many cases of Glanders run a wild course and ultimately end in complete recovery. At present there is no minimizing serum for Glanders, although some authorities state that mallein does have a minimizing effect on the patient. The fact that all glandered horses [see above] have to be destroyed is unquestionably responsible for there being less advancement made in the science of curative treatment. Otherwise by now there might very well have been discovered an immunizing serum or vaccine and curative vaccine for glanders. Many cases that are allowed to run their course are treated by the serum injection and humans and animals are made immune to the disease by the injection of a vaccine or serum. Notable examples are small pox by the cow, pox vaccine, tetanus by the tetanus anti-toxin, typhoid, diphtheria, etc. The prin-

ciple is generally to isolate the germ that causes the disease and then to grow a culture of the living germs. A solution of definite strength of the germs is then made and sterilized, to which is added a small percentage of carbolic acid. It is this sterile solution of dead germs that is injected into the blood stream. This causes the animal system to produce the antibodies of that particular disease, that is the anti-toxin. This is released in the blood stream and causes the patient to have a very strong immunity to that disease for a definite period which varies. These anti-bodies are known as opsonins and the patient well stocked with opsonins is said to have a high opsonic index.

The Mallein Test ..

This consists in injecting into the animal a definite amount of sterile solution of dead bacilli mallei. There are three methods. The subcutaneous method when about 25 c.c. are injected into the neck under the skin. A reaction is looked for in the rise of temperature and in the size and characteristic shape of the swelling on the neck. The ophthalmic test consists in slipping a small tablet made of concentrated mallei and lactose into the eye inside the lower lid. In the third method a concentrated solution of mallein is injected into the lower eye-lid. In both the eye tests the temperatures are not taken, but the condition of the eye is noted.

"Xenophon."

A LOCAL SPORT

Comments Surprised Judge

(Montreal Herald)

St. Johns, Que., February 12th.—Joseph... recently acquitted of a murder charge awaits sentence next Friday on a charge of theft.

In fixing the date of sentence Judge Lalond lashed out at the morals of the modern youth. "You are a shining example of the times". His honour told the accused "Stealing on Tuesday, marrying on Wednesday, arrested on Thursday and being a father on Friday. "Indeed" he concluded bitterly, "A splendid weeks work."

St. Johns Notes.

SPRING IS HERE

March 21st, officially the first day of spring came this year and passed disguised as any ordinary winter day. The first day to really give is any idea that spring might possibly come being Good Friday. That is the season when all inanimate objects come to life, the flowers bloom, the birdies sing, and even the most indolent trooper has been known to double across the square.

At Barracks however, the usual pre-season signs are coming to the fore. An unlimited supply of whitewash is being supplied, and little piles of combustible articles are being notice about, we presume to be burnt offerings.

Even the Canteen becomes empty sooner than usual, the clientele evidently getting the urge to break out and go back to nature.

RESULTS OF CELLAR EXCAVATION

Cavalry Barracks

During the past winter the personnel of the Unemployment Relief Project have been engaged in excavating the earth from under the Officers Mess and Mens Quarters. The foundation in which these buildings are built consisted of very thick stone walls on which all walls and partitions rest. These stone walls went down to a depth of ten feet below the present ground level. In the course of excavation some interesting relics have been brought to light.

Considerable speculation was caused by finding the portion of skeletons of four men. These were buried in blue clay, at a depth of about six feet. One had been buried in a coffin, the others had apparently been buried on planks. In one case the plank which was of cedar was nearly intact. There were no buttons or badges found in the vicinity so identification was impossible but a large musket ball was unearthed which was probably the reason for one of them being there.

On a map dated 1823 made by Lt.-Col. Durford, R.E. there is a building shown on or near this site and it is probable that the

present building erected in 1839 was placed over the graves without knowledge of their existence. The only time Fort St. Johns has been the scene of fighting is the period between 1755-1775 and one comes to the conclusion that these men were casualties during some of the engagements of this period. There is nothing to confirm this opinion except an entry in the Diary of the Notary Foucher who was here during the Siege in 1775 as a volunteer. He mentions the number of casualties and in one instance states that a certain gentleman killed was buried one arpent from the Fort during the night.

In looking through the last issue of the Goat I happened to notice a certain question that was sent down from the Queen City. It was something like this: "When is A Squadron Hockey Team coming up or has our imposing record made them decide it is to warm up here in the city?" Well, this year we had the honour of having one of your star players down at St. Johns on a course of instruction and we gave him a try out. After the first period of the first game he remarked "Gee! Carp, they break fast and back check in this league." If you send him and a few others down to the "Farm" next year for seasoning you might have a good enough team to step with the boys down on the "Farm."

Basketball Brew.

By Al. Taylor.

This current season has indeed been an epic one in the history of St. Johns cage activities. A governing body appointed to oversee three young leagues functioned perfectly, climaxing an eventful campaign by placing teams in the intermediate men, and junior girls Provincial playdowns, who although not winning any titles did well enough to warrant their entry. The men covered themselves with glory by netting thirty seven points in a single game against Y.M.H.A. the Provincial and Eastern Canada champs, this achievement being far and away above that of any other team yet to face the Hebrews.

SPORTS

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THE GUARDS
CONSIDERED IT GOOD



THE GUNNERS
CAUGHT ON IMMEDIATELY



THE STAFF
APPROVED



THE MOUNTIES
SANCTIONED IT



THE CADETS
WERE AGREEABLE

SO THEY ALL HAD A



MOLSON'S

The Ale their Great Grandfathers drank

Another event of more than passing import was the entry of the Drags, sending two blue clad outfits into city competition in the Senior and Junior Groups. This action by the erstwhile apathetic cavalry athletes has as yet not been thoroughly checked, but a flash has arrived from Alaska where, it is claimed cotton has jumped fifteen points, since this drastic but totally unexpected move by your Dragoons has taken place. One other thing has been definitely established, at the time of writing your Blake led senior troupe is setting the pace in very smart company, and furthermore they seem to be the team to beat for the gafflon, playing on a small court the boys just go out and pug; if they have a single legitimate play in their repertoire they have yet to produce it.

"Red" Munro and Jimmy Hone starry front line men form the nucleus of the team, Vic. Jewkes, Bondy Marshall and Sarge himself all have played consistently good basketbal, MacKenzie, Carpenter and others turning in creditable relief efforts. Your junior outfit, "Sailor" Lawrence coached is in the runner up position in their circuit, and with a few more games under their belt will be seen going places. The origin of local basketball has long been the subject of certain individuals and much controversy has resulted, we have definite information from a reliable authority that much water has flown under the Pont Gouin since the cage game was first introduced into this city.

We will try to convince you that the game existed 'way back when' In 1492 when Columbus discovered the world was round and came to America, it is ascertained that he stopped over at a point midway between Chambly and Champlain. N.Y.. So when sailing up the Richelieu in his palatial wind-jammer

he stepped ashore at a spot now determined where the Cavalry Barracks stands today, and challenged the then resident French-Indians to a game of "tossup" [Now called Basketball.] The Canes at that time had a snappy team called the 'Beduns' and were considered plenty hot in this valley of the Richelieu, the lads thinking the Portugese team was pie' readily agreed. The game was played on the Officers lawn, then an Indian corn patch, but this didn't handicap the players much in fact it was an asset and all the best courts in America were groomed thusly, the athletes, it is claimed were chosen for the smallness of statue, this being a decided asset as it was much easier for a short man to conceal himself in the tall corn.

The playing rules of the game in those days were more or less as follows. A twenty one foot pole was erected in the centre of the corn patch, and a water butt with the bottom kicked out [pardon us] tied securely at a point seventeen and one half feet from the ground level, no ball was used, nothing so effimate. The challenger were given the choice of defence or tatak. The defensive team were compelled to place a man on the apex of the pole [very much as present day pole sitters] and equipped him with a boomerang with which he was allowed to try and break the necks of the attacking athletes, as they showed their heads above the tall corn, for every man definitely out of play through a broken neck or other injuries the defending team scored two points. The objective of the attacking team, was to shoot poisoned arrows at the gent on the pole, and force him to descend through the barrel, if this was accomplished it was called a toss and was a major score counting two points for the attacking team.

Teams were comprised of five men and immediately a "Toss" was scored another athlete replaced the fallen gladiator and he called a 'sup'. [our present word sub. meaning reserve or relief, it is thought is a derivative from the ancient cage game] thus the game gets its name "Tos-sup". In the event the defending team were successful in breaking five attackers necks or were in other way successful in disabling them they were declared winners, and in the

event of the defending team being bumped off first the attack-team won. It is said the game were invariably close, scores of ten-eight being quite common. Our records show that the French Indian outfit used trickery in inducing the challenging team to take the defense, because of course they were skilled in the use of the bow and arrow.

You no doubt think we are kidding but our statement was further substantiated when a few weeks ago five skeletons were found under the mens block by excavations three were without heads, proving beyond doubt that Columbus and his men played and won the game by a score of six to four, the home team quitting after two weeks of furious play. The boomerangs handled with telling effect and great skill by the defending team had severed the heads completely off the attacking party. This brief outline of the past history of basketball is not offered as a solution of the mystery of why the Drags have never entered seriously into the cage game, but rather the discovery of the skeletons of the ancient athletes has served as a prompter for athletic endeavor and achievement, because one only dies once, but its for a long long time. We in the city are tickled pink to see the boys get back into the swim and St. Johns hopes that it will continue in other lines of sport.

BASKETBALL

The old-Market Hall is very much in demand these evenings, anyone passing the building and hearing a loud cheering, stamping, and clapping of hands need not be surprised, it is in all probability the R.C.D., Senior basketball team making another score or the Junior team showing the town that they 'can take it.'

These Senior and Junior teams have worked hard during the month to hold their places in the league, both teams stand in second place. It is not possible to report on every game played as they are so many but we can give our readers some idea of how we stand. The 17th of April saw the final game played between the R. C.D. Seniors and the R.C.R. for first place. The hall was crowded

[it is surprising how many basketball fans we have in this town] and suspense was evident. All through the game the two teams tied each other. Marshall, Hone, and others just missing the basket by inches, when one in would have put them ahead, towards the end of the last period when we began to think that it would remain a tie and very likely be over time play, Marinier, who is a dangerous man around the baskets scored just before the final whistle blew crediting the R.C.R. with a score of 36 and leaving the R.C.D. team with a score of 32. This game meant a lot to both teams and they certainly put all they had into it.

On April the 17th saw things shape up a little better for the R.C.D. Juniors. They are a team that show as much promise as the Seniors and playing the Cardinals they were up against a fast tricky team. It did not take them long to get on to their play, they went into a huddle, discussed the 'whys' and "wherefores" may be heard the latest in select? jokes and promptly proceeded to show the Cardinals just how they played basketball in the Cavalry. Of course the Cardinals, who claimed that their Ancestors were from Missouri? had to be shown [we have our own opinions on the matter] nevertheless they were satisfied when the game ended with a score of 28-16 in favour of the R.C.D. Juniors. So far the Seniors have won 5 games and lost 2 while the Juniors have played 8 games and lost 3.

Considering the fact that the majority of players knew as much about basketball as a Negro knows about the North pole great credit is due these players as well as to Sergeant Blake and Corporal Lawrence who have coached these teams along.

Trooper [drawing out boots in Quartermaster stores] "Why do you always put our numbers on our boots, Corporal?"

Corporal: "Now what makes you ask a question like that?"

Trooper: "Well, they do that so that we won't run away?"

Most people believe in law and order as long as they can lay down the law and give the orders.

Tel. 83

ALCIDE COTE, B.A., L.L.B.

Avocat—Lawyer

27 Place du Marche — St. Johns.

News of Other Days Ten Years Ago.

Items taken from *The Goat* of
April 1

Sergeant J. Hallett 'B' Sqn. R.C.D., has been posted to the Instructional Cadre.

Cpl. R. Harris, 'A' Sqn. R.C.D. has been promoted to the rank of Sergeant, to replace Sgt. J. Hallett.

Congratulations to L/Cpl. F. A. Green, who has been promoted to the rank of Corporal.

Q.M.S. (I) R. J. Brown, R.C.D. has been transferred from Toronto, to St. Johns, Que.

Capt. D. A. Grant, M.C., R.C.D., spent a few days last month visiting relatives at the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, on his return he introduced a new "Black Maria" cocktail to the mess.

Major and Mrs. D. B. Bowie, returned from a one month's visit to Florida on Monday, April 7th.

Lt. Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O., R.C.D., and Major C. E. Connolly, D.S.O., L.S.H. R.C., who went to England last January to attend the Senior Officers' School, have been attached to the 12th Lancers at Tidworth, for the past two months.

We are very pleased to announce the award of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal to Sergeant Major (W.O. 1) J. Mountford, R.C.D., A recent addition to the Station is the establishment of a Corporals' Mess. A portion of the library and recreation room has been partitioned off for that purpose, and has been suitably furnished. The pre-war Corporal's Mess left a balance of roughly twenty-five dollars which has been in the savings bank since 1914.

The Codville Challenge Cup, symbolic of the inter-troop hockey championship was won this year by Headquarters 'A' Squadron. The team was as follows:

Major D. B. Bowie,
Major E. L. Caldwell,
Major H. Stethem,
Capt. N. M. Halkett, R.C.A.M.C.
L/Cpl. Coulter,
Tpr. Newby,
Tpr. Penny,
Tpr. Poulin.



Captain Churchill Mann went to the Carolinas on leave last month.

"Thank You, Gentlemen."

The following splendidly written article is taken from an issue of Liberty:

A Toronto court room was the scene of this significant drama, a few weeks ago:

The prisoner had just heard sentence pronounced. A burly police guard was urging him toward a doorway at the farther end of the room. Beyond its portal lay fifteen years' penal servitude.

His faltering footsteps stopped immediately in front of the jury box. These twelve good men and true had but recently declared their verdict in one damning word. And the terrible significance of this one word lay in its power to limit his whole universe to four stone walls for the next fifteen years.

The court room audience, tense with expectancy, awaited the inevitable dramatic climax. They could well imagine all the bitterness and hatred of which his thoughts were fabricated. Had not these twelve men the power of a few moments before to utter two words which would have granted him freedom? Surely he would hurl a final blistering denunciation before that door of freedom closed behind him. And then he spoke:

"Thank you, gentlemen."

The prisoner bowed to the jury foreman, marched quickly to the door which was to close out freedom, and vanished into the gloom beyond.

"Thank you, gentlemen". Firmly rooted in three rugged Anglo-traditions. Canada's present stability is due in no small measure to the mental attitude of her people as summed in this simple phrase.

This prisoner had outlawed himself five weeks previously in the commission of a crime. But he allied himself with the forces of law and order in paying tribute to these agents of justice selected from everyday walks of life. His gesture was not merely toward twelve jurymen. He had rendered homage to the traditions back of the mere individual.

Canada may well pride herself on the honest and able law-enforcement bodies employed to bring the criminal to justice. She has cause for equal satisfaction in the

intelligence and integrity of her judges and jurors. But all these agencies of justice would be impotent were it not for the outstanding characteristic of her people's respect for Canada's traditions.

Many nations have developed the habit of ridiculing their older traditions. Other peoples have abandoned older traditions altogether in a revolutionary urge to adopt entirely new ones.

Canada has been busy creating new traditions during these past few years—never too busy, however, to forget to pay homage to her older ones.

We watched, quite unobserved by those beneath, this little scene on Armistice Day in a great Canadian city:

Four men in a dingy alley were loading refuse on a garbage truck. It was one minute before eleven o'clock. One could not help but feel that Life's real glory had trailed by leaving them all untouched.

And then the first strokes of the bell of peace pealed cut to hush the city's clamors.

Then, too, came the startling transformation. The four drab workmen no longer existed. There in the driving rain, heads bared and proudly erect, stood four heroes in their stead.

They fancied they were all alone as they stood there. They were wrong. There were the shadowy forms of a thousand comrades standing stalwartly beside them. There were a hundred generations of men who had faced death—or, braver still, faced life for their country with the same lights in their eyes as had these four.

We no longer gazed on four men. They had become the symbols of a great tradition. They embodied a spirit of national idealism which had surged onward from generation to generation.

Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your
drugs and toilet articles at

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Phone 582

St. Johns

Canada has unexplored riches beyond human comprehension in her natural resources. But her greatest treasure house is in the hearts of her sons and daughters who regard her traditions so sacredly. While this spirit lives in the hearts of her people Canada is destined to aspire to achieve greater and loftier objectives.

Following the above article we add here the old saying that "Many a true word is spoken in jest."

A few nights ago the famous Fire Chief comedian Ed Wynn, answering a letter from one of his many correspondents, who enquired what he was to do to move some english sparrows perching in his trees replied "tell the orchestra to play God Save the King, and if they are true English sparrows they will all rise."

THE SOLDIER

The soldier is nobody,
To hear the people say,
He is an outcast to the world
And always in the way.

We do admit there are bad ones
From the Army and Marines.
But you will find the majority,
The most loyal ever seen.

Most people condemn a soldier,
When he takes a drink or two,
But does a soldier condemn you,
When you stop and take a few.

Now do not scorn the soldier,
But take him by the hand,
For the uniform he wears means
Protection to your land.

The Government picks the soldiers,
From million miles far and wide,
So place him as your equal,
Good buddies by your side.

When a soldier goes to battle,
You cheer him on his way,
You say he is a hero,
As in his grave he lays.

But the hardest battle of a soldier,
Is in the time of peace,
When people mock and scorn him,
And treat him like a beast.

And with these few lines I close,
Sir,
I hope I don't offend
But when you meet a soldier,
Please treat him like a friend.

Cavalry Action.

Seen Through the Glasses of an Infantry Officer.

"Casting reflection and aspersions upon other arms of the Service," most serious and most common of all crimes in the code for an officer of His Majesty's Service may be compensated for by the recognition of and plaudits for signal distinguished service of our brother branches.

Surely my most impressive experience during the late war was a view of cavalry in action. Somewhat despised on account of enforced inaction during the long trench to trench struggle preceeding the operations of 1918, then the cavalry came gloriously into its own and proved its indispensable worth as an offensive force.

Infantrymen, possessing a fair share of the common egotism, were very loath to accord much credit to any other branch of the Service, except as necessary evils adjunct to our own world-conquering capability and self-sacrificing service. With memories of inspiring history of knightly days of old, memories of great pictures of smashing cavalry charges which thrilled our belligerent boyhood, trench warfare, in contrast held nothing of the picturesque but reeked in squalor, muck and toil.

The realization of dreams of things as they ought to be was permitted by the fates and G.H.Q. on August 8th, 1918. Our Battalion went over in support on that first day of the great Amiens push to jump through the illustrious 'Pats' at their objective and attack and consolidate Cayeux Wood under cover of a cavalry assault. With no artillery preparation the mounted troops with their pent up craving to prove their usefulness were to pave the way for our consolidation of the position.

Our assembly position in advance of the Praticia's objective was on the forward slope of a hill overlooking a valley some three hundred yards in width. A bright sunshine of noonday in August—birds singing and wild flowers growing about us—we were so far advanced beyond the firing line that few signs of War's devastation were evident, and it seemed for a moment like a picnic outing.

Soon, in low ground behind us herds of cavalry were seen assembling. To our infantry ignorance it seemed as if our cavalry were in a mad race instead of a mere

A rush down the sunken road through the ridge on our immediate right and they developed into lines in the valley before us. Climbing the rise from the valley, with a victory the furious assault charged madly but in perfect order across the level field of four or five hundred yards to the bullet-speeding wood across the front. A truly glorious sight. In the face of a frantic though futile fire from the enemy machine guns, they charged with intrepid bravery. Here and there a riderless horse scampered back, or imbued with the Hun-hunt spirit, joined the chase, betokening a casualty whose only regret was that he not be "in at the death." Within scarce a minute from the sounding of the 'charge' the horsemen were lost to sight in the woods and panic-stricken Huns were reaching Heavenward in supplication for mercy and humble demonstration of docile submission.

Thus came the conviction of the unparalleled value of the swift-moving cavalry in assault in such propitious circumstances. The speed with which the defensive field of fire of the enemy was crossed permitted the gunners no time to direct their fire, their impending and positive fate paralyzed their trigger fingers [a sensation familiar to us all] and the less than sixty seconds of time allowed but a minimum number of casualties to that glorious little assaulting force.

The infantry followed, deployed across the front, in our slogging plodding, methodical way. We met no opposition from our front, requiring only some necessary precaution against a scattered fire from our flanks. On reaching the wood, the further front of which was our objective for consolidation and holding, we were able to clean up with no opposition. So terrifically fierce and sudden had the assault been that the terror-stricken enemy were broken and ready for brand. The Company to which the writer was attached arrived at

its objective without a casualties, an unprecedented record in view of the proposed resistance previous experience there had been one of spectacular, none of the grand chivalrous daring pictured and cherished in the vivid imaginations cultivated when we were "going on fourteen." It was the realization of boyhood dreams—which even full grown men do appreciate.

May the sincere enthusiasm for the exhibit here recounted make amends somewhat for the excusable if unreasonable grouches which the old soldier claimed and practised as his prerogative.

On the morning of the following day, August 9th, the Independent Cavalry Corps assembled on our front and penetrated without support far into the enemy territory. Following on through Caix, Rosieres and Chili for further action we were able to observe the results of their marvellous work, through regrettable signs of the price they had paid were sadly in evidence. Withal, it is true, only the excellent cavalry work in assault and exploitation, made possible the great success of the Canadian Corps in that advance which broke the withering spirit of the great Hunt herds.

Taken from the Canadian Defence Quarterly.

The Sporting Times recommends the following as the most suitable breakfast for "the morning after the night before."—

Champagne, half bottle. Grilled steak, kidneys. One dog to eat grilled steak and kidneys.

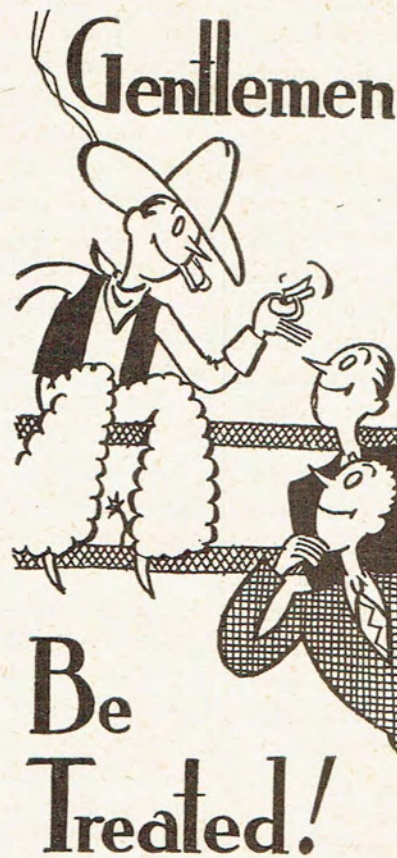
Englishman to his son just returned from Canada, Winter 1933-34: Well, son what is the weather like out there?

Son: They have ten months winter and two months poor sleighing.

He—"Don't you find that riding gives you a headache?"

She—"On the contrary."

No mere man can ever understand why a woman will pay five dollars for a pair of stockings that give the impression that she isn't wearing stockings.



You corral a real treat when you "roll-your-own," with Ogden's Fine Cut. You just can't beat this fine, fragrant tobacco for easy rolling and smooth, satisfying smoking.

And, you'll never find a finer combination than Ogden's Fine Cut and "Chantecler" or "Vogue" cigarette papers for downright enjoyment in "rolling your own."

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P.S.—At any Poker Hand Premium Store or by mail—you can get 5 large booklets of "Chantecler" or "Vogue" cigarette papers in exchange for one complete set of Poker Hands.

Your Pipe Knows Ogden's Cut Plug.

History of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Compiled by the late Maj. T. A. James, R.C.D. and verified and edited by Mr. R. C. Feathers-tonaugh.

Part X

Training Resumed

(Continued from last installment)

On February 7th and 8th, there were no patrols, but the Regiment marched to Smallfoot Wood and carried out rehearsals for a trench raid. Taped trenches were used for the practice, aerial photographs were taken at frequent intervals, and these were carefully scanned from day to day, so that each officer and man might know with precision the part in the raid he would be called upon to take.

From the 10th to the 12th inclusive, patrols were carried out, working parties were furnished, and preparations for the raid continued. Bombing and jumping trenches were practiced, and bayonets were sharpened.

Raid on Lily Trench

At 7.45 p.m. on February 12th the Regiment moved off from Pieu-mel Quarry to carry out the raid on the German works known as Lily Trench. The assembly was uneventful; and at 12.16 a.m. Lt. E. E. Price, MC., exploded the first Bangalore torpedo under the German wire. The explosion was a signal for the artillery and machine gun barrages, which fell at once with withering fury around and behind the doomed trench. Owing to the care in rehearsals, each man knew his part and moved quickly to his place, with the result that a notable success was achieved. From the beginning it was clear that the operation was going well, and when the last of the raiders had returned at 2.19 a.m. it was possible to judge the measure of success that had attended the party's splendid effort. A German Company Commander and thirteen other ranks and two machine guns had been captured, four trench mortars had been destroyed, about twenty enemy had been killed, and the remainder of

the garrison had been burned in their dug-outs, after having been given opportunity to surrender. This had been accomplished without serious loss to the raiders.

When the news of the success of the Royal Canadian Dragoons in the raid of Lily Trench had spread, congratulatory messages were received from the Commander in Chief, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig; the Army Commander General Sir Herbert Gough; the Cavalry Corps Commander; Maj. General Macandrew, Commanding 5th Cavalry Division; General Seligman, C.R.A.; the General Officer Commanding, 24th Infantry Division; and Brigadier-Gen. J. E. B. Seely, C.M.G., D.S.O. For their parts in the action Maj. D. B. Bowie and Lt. E. E. Price, M.C., were awarded the Distinguished Service Order; Captain Newcomen and Lts. LeMesurier, Gwyn and Cunningham were awarded the Military Cross; and a number of other ranks received British or foreign decorations.

Near St. Quentin

Orders on February 18th announced that the Regiment would take over a trench sector from the 8th Argyl and Sutherland Highlanders on the 20th. On the 19th an advance party composed of Lieuts. Whitehead, James and Wickerson and 29 other ranks, left for the front, the Regiment followed as ordered on the 20th to 'A' sub-sector, south of the Omignon River, in and near the village of Pontreuet. All squadrons here moved into the line with the Gordon Highlanders on their right and the 11th Hussars on the left.

The Regiment remained in the trenches in this position until the night of February 23rd. The line consisted of a series of works connected only by lateral patrols. Much patrolling in front of the outpost system was done at night.

The left post of 'C' Squadron, which held the left Regimental sector, was the well known International Post, just south of the Omignon River. This post had a sinister reputation gained by the number of times it had forcibly changed hands. It was often referred to as 'the Snitching Post' but did not change hands during the Regiment's tour of duty.

On the night of the 23rd the Regiment was relieved and went

into Brigade Reserve at Maissemy, remaining there until the 26th. During this time working parties to the front line and patrols in front of the trench system were provided at night, the days only being spent in billets.

On the 27th, 35 other ranks arrived as relief from the back area and the Regiment relieved the Fort Garry Horse in a sector to the right of the one previously held. Lieut. James and 30 other ranks of 'C' Squadron were detailed as a permanent night patrol, and continued this duty until the night of March 3rd.

By this time it had become apparent that a great German offensive in this sector was impending. Emergency rations of bully-beef, biscuits, and cans of water were accordingly placed in the posts, and additional ammunition and bombs were carried forward.

On the night of February 27th, Lt. Selby-Lowndes and one sergeant of the 9th Hussars accompanied the Royal Canadian Dragoons' standing patrol to the German wire and into a German post, which, unfortunately, had been vacated for the night.

An order was received on this date from Brigade to "Many the battle positions." "Stand down" was ordered later. The orders "Prepare for attack; Man battle positions" and the later "Stand down" were again given on February 28th.

The nights at this time were bitterly cold, so cold that on at least one occasion, when German raiders threatened a post, the Corporal in charge, though courageously and satisfactorily directing the defence, found his hands too numb to release the heavy trigger of his Vickers pistol and thus illuminate the scene of action, and give the alarm.

Throughout the period from March 1st to 4th the Regiment remained in its positions. No outstanding incident marked the 1st and 2nd, but on the night of the 3rd a strong enemy party attacked Post No. 3 held by Sergt. E. King and 8 men of "A" Squadron. Though outnumbered, Sergt. King most gallantly fought off an attempt to enter the post, and captured two of the raiders. The enemy's effort, however, was not entirely fruitless, for when Lieut. James and the Regiment's standing patrol returned through the

tail of the German barrage from a reconnaissance in the enemy wire, Sergt. King and his men were found alert and watchful, but two men of 'A' Squadron in the advanced post were missing. The tale of how they had been surprised and overcome being written clearly in the trampled snow around the post they had defended.

On the night following this German raid, the Canadian Cavalry Brigade was relieved in the trenches by the 3rd Cavalry Division Dismounted Brigade, the Regiment marching independently next day and moving by train to Rysel, remaining there on the night of the 5th and proceeding in lorries on the 6th to Longpre to re-join the horses. On the 7th and 8th re-organization proceeded and on the 9th the Regiment marched by way of Amiens to Oresmaux, continuing on the 10th to Warsy and Guerbigny and on the 13th, by way of Roye, to Ennemain. The Canadian Cavalry Brigade became part of the 3rd Cavalry Division on the 13th and was inspected by the G.O.C. the Division in the following day.

'A' sub-sector, south of the Regiment trained and provided. From March 15th to 20th, the Regiment trained and provided parties of 250 each to work on defences near Estrees. On the 18th, eighteen other ranks, all married men who had crossed with the 1st Canadian Contingent in 1914, left for three months' furlough in Canada.

The German Offensive Opens

At night on March 20th a heavy bombardment was heard and on the morning of the 21st the long expected German offensive developed on the front of the Third and Fifth Armies. The

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storm had broken, and the Regiment, with its comrades of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, was once more used in the breach. Before the great German offensive had been brought to a halt. Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces had issued a special Order to all ranks of the Army in France and Flanders. There can be no finer introduction to the story of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade's and the Royal Canadian Dragoons' part in halting the offensive than an extract from Sir Douglas Haig's inspiring order;

Extract From Sir Douglas Haig's Special Order

Words fail me to express the administration which I feel for the splendid resistance offered by all ranks of our army under the most trying circumstances. Many amongst us now are tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end.

March 21st, 1918

At 8.30 a.m. on March 21st, working parties which had been ordered were cancelled, and the Canadian Cavalry Brigade was ordered to stand-to at Ennemain. At 3.30 p.m. orders were received to march with 'A' Echelon. The Brigade passed Croix-Moligneux at 6.15 p.m. and marched south by way of Matigny, Offoy-Ehmerly-Hallon and Golancourt, to Villeselve arriving at 11.45 p.m. Horses were off-saddled on arrival. At Villeselve orders were received to form a Canadian dismounted battalion. This battalion was formed during the night, under command of Lieut.-Col. D. J. MacDonald, D.S.O., M.C., Lord Strathcona's Horse Royal Canadians.

Major Timmis' Dismounted Force

The Royal Canadian Dragoons' contingent under Major R. S. Timmis, consisted of four other officers, Lieuts. Sawers, Crerar, Grant and Gwyn and 234 other ranks. The Regiment was divided into

three parts during the operations that followed, and the fortunes of the dismounted party, under Maj. Timmis, will be followed first.

At 5 a.m. on the 2nd, the detachment left for Beaumont-en-Beine, whence it marched at 6 a.m. by way of La Neuville-en-Beine, left, under Lt. Col. D. D. Young, for Varesnes, the dismounted party coming under command of Brig.-Gen. Seymour.

The following extract from the report of the Officer Commanding Canadian Dismounted Battalion, covers the events of the day that followed:

The Brigade moved into huts in Bois de Genlis. Officers patrols were immediately pushed forward to LaFaisanderie, to reconnoitre routes through the wood to be used in case of having to defend the Brigade was not called upon to move from their position in reserve. The 7th Dismounted Brigade were also in the same wood and close liaison was maintained between the two Brigades.

About 11 p.m. Col. MacDonald was instructed to meet Brig.-Gen. Sadlier Jackson (54th Infantry Brigade) at whose disposal one half of the Canadian Dismounted Brigade was placed. Gen. Jackson's Headquarters were then in Failleul, and four machine-guns under Lieut. Griffin were sent to this point at 1.15 a.m. on the 23rd the Royal Canadian Dragoons being held in readiness to move forward if required. At this time the line of the 18th Division followed approximately the line of the Canala de St. Quentin on the Western bank from Terguier to

Jussy. At 3.38 a.m. the Royal Canadian Dragoons were called for by the 54th Brigade and moved up at once, followed by the remainder of the Brigade the whole of which had now come under the command of General Sadlier Jackson. Major Timmis took up a position on the railway embankment north-west of Mennessis, where he later merged into the last line of infantry falling back, and rendered valuable assistance to the latter during their retirement.

That the assistance mentioned in Col. MacDonald's report was valuable indeed is shown in the following extract from a letter addressed to Major Timmis by Brig. Gen. Sadlier Jackson, Commanding the 54th Infantry Brigade;

I shall take it as a favour if you will convey to the Royal Canadian Dragoons who came up to the assistance of the 54th Infantry Brigade on the Croizat Canal on the 23rd March 1918 our deep appreciation and gratitude for the splendid way in which they co-operated during the enforced retirement. I can assure you that this is the universal feeling throughout the Brigade.

God grant that if ever the 54th Brigade are again in a tight corner they may be lucky enough to find themselves side by side with the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Having summarized the events March 23rd, Colonel MacDonald's report deals with the work of the dismounted detachment on the days that followed;

March 24th—On the morning of

the 24th, the Brigade marched via Bethancourt to Caillouel, arriving at 3.30 a.m. Here Gen. Seely joined the Brigade. At 11.30 a.m. the Brigade again moved to Dampcourt, being in reserve to 6th French Corps.

March 25th—The Brigade occupied a line on the left of the 7th Dismounted Brigade, in support of the French 3rd Division line running from Mondescourt La Bretelle to Apilly, the Canadian Brigade being responsible for covering the bridge-head at the latter point in case of general retirement. At 1.30 p.m. orders were received to march to Carlepoint. By this time the whole of the 7th Brigade had crossed the river and the last British troops were one squadron of the Lord Strathcona's Horse under Lt. Tripp. The Brigade reached Carlepoint at 6 p.m. where horses were met and the Brigade bivouacked for the night.

March 26th—The Brigade marched at 8.30 a.m. to Les Cloyes where it was joined by Lt.-Col. Straubenzie's detachment. Lt.-Col. MacDonald's party being merged into General Seely's command.

How to Make a 'Shimmy' Highball.

Take a snooter of gin,
A beaker of Scotch,
A dash of bitters,
A shot of pure alcohol,
Shake well and Drink Water?

The Froth Blowers Inc. (of no par value) are flourishing with new activities, due to the fact that they have some welcome new members from St. Johns and also some of them have a few departed friends? to discuss.

It was at a dance, and a young man, observing a girl standing alone, and thinking that he recognised her, went up to her and said: "Pardon me. You look like Helen Black."

"Yes, she replied. 'I know I do; but I assure you' I'd look far worse white!"

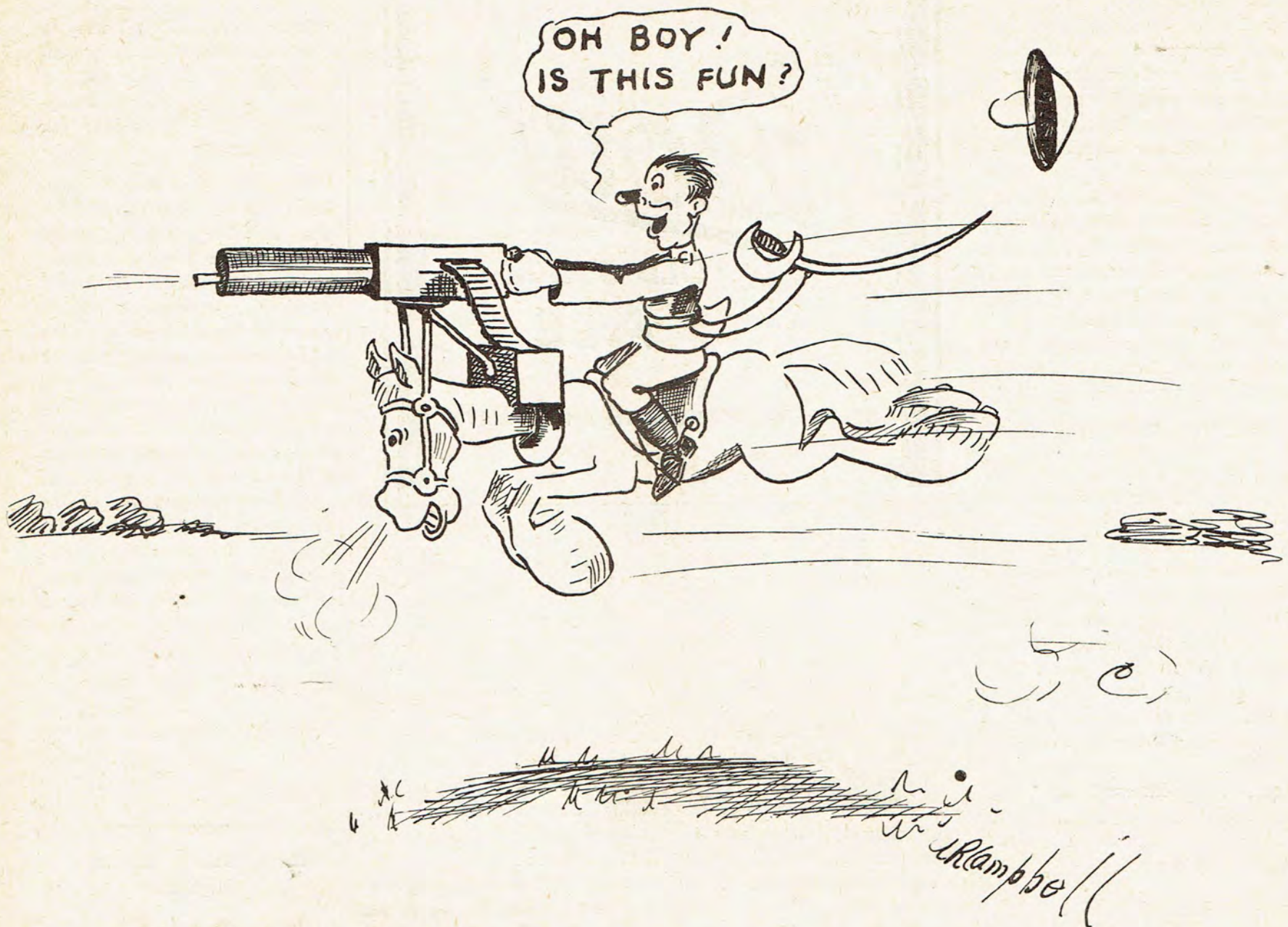
To keep milk from getting sour, mix with an equal quantity of rum and drink it hot.

DRINK

Dow
OLD STOCK
ALE

STANDARD OF STRENGTH AND QUALITY

57



On a Royal School recently an Infantry Officer on hearing of a light M. G. Troop asked if the Cavalry fired from the saddle.

MILITARY HOWLERS

The duties of a ground scout are to inquire into the condition and fertility of the soil.

At a recent examination held at the Royal School of Cavalry one candidate thought that horses flew as he referred to the "Hawks."

Q. What are the characteristics of Cavalry?

A. They ride a horse, carry a sword, and roll their putties upside down.

Signaling serjeant: When is the ground spike used?

Trooper in signal section: In signalling to an aeroplane with the lamp, the ground spike is used to catch the observer's eye.

Q. Why is the Phoenetic Alphabet used?

A.—It is used to prevent an overhearing enemy to get the sense of the message.

Q. How would you place a heliograph on rocky ground?

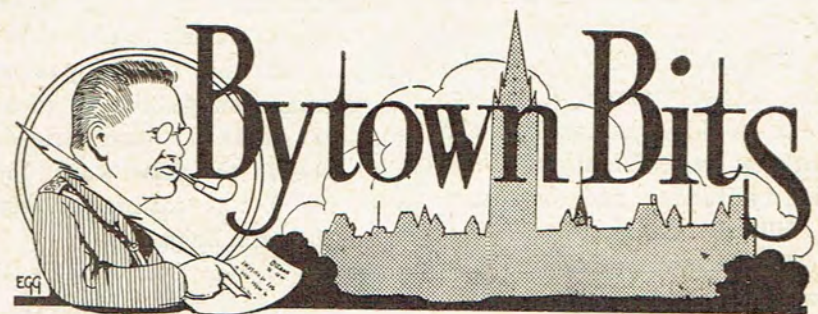
A: Fill cans with sand and your legs should be firmly embedded.

Q: How would you reconnoitre this ground thoroughly?

A: In order to reconnoitre properly it is necessary to have:

- 1—Good men
- 2—Good horses
- 3—Good ground to ride over
- 4—Nice weather.

It is a strange commentary that the head never begins to swell until the mind stops growing.



Commands Change:—The first promotion of Brevet Lieut.-Col. G. C. Chrysler, M.C., who reaches the top of the ladder in his old unit. Col. Chrysler, joined the Guards about 3 years ago and after serving a year was appointed to a commission in the Royal Canadian Regiment. He served with that unit for some years retiring in 1912. On the outbreak of the war he joined the 2nd Battalion C. E. F. and served with it until severely wounded in 1916. Returning to Canada after the war he

rejoined the Guards and has now been appointed to command the unit.

Dragoons Dinner:—The Officers of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards held their annual regimental dinner in the Chateau Laurier on the evening of the 6th instant. Headquarters was represented by Major-General A. G. L. MacNaughton, Brigadier C.F. Constantine, Capt. Percy Nelles, R.C.N., Major R. J. Leech and Major D. A. Grant, R.C.D. In the absence of Brigadier W. B. Anderson, the honors for M.D. No. 3 were upheld by Lieut. Col. C. E. Connolly, A.A. and Q.M.G., in addition to the other guests were all the surviving ex-commanding officers of the unit.

Go to Boston:—The pipe and bugle bands of the 38th Ottawa Cameron Highlanders, attended the guides celebration at Boston on the 10th and 11th of this month. About fifty members made the trip. The troops were under command of Captain Ian Dewar with Bugle Major Day and Pipe

IN JAWS OF DEATH POLO HERO RESCUES THE GUNS.

A GLORIOUS DAY IN CAVALRY HISTORY

To those who have forgotten the gallant part that British Cavalry played in the early stages of the Great War, this story of heroism will be a revelation.

It is the story of how Captain Francis Grenfell, V.C., 9th Lancers, shot in the hand and severely wounded in the thigh,

Major Macdonald

Gave Trumpet Band:—The P. L.D.G. have now started in for musical honors having organized a trumpet band. Some eleven extra trumpeters have been taken on and with the requisite drummers hope to supply music for the line of march.

Award of the Victoria Cross

"Francis Octavus Grenfell, Captain, 9th Lancers, for gallantry, in action against unbroken Infantry at Andregnies, Belgium, on August 24th, 1914, and for gallant conduct in assisting to save the guns of the 119th Battery R.F.A. near Doulon on the same day."

having rallied his squadron that had been shattered by a murderous fire, saved the guns of a battery of Field Artillery from falling into enemy hands.

The great Duke of Wellington's saying that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton might well have been applied to all the recreation grounds of the British Empire some ninety-and-nine years later, when men of every kind and class met upon the battlefields of France and Belgium—British men who loved sport and who were led by sportsmen.

But, if in the time of the Duke polo had come to England from

the far shores of Persia, the great soldier would surely have added the fields of Roehampton and Ranelagh to his dictum.

Polo has had more to do with the making of British cavalry officers than any other sport or game, and the Grenfell twins, both Francis and Rivy, were pre-eminent exponents of the game in the years immediately preceding the Great War.

When one thinks of polo one thinks of the Grenfells.

But before Francis had ever played any polo he had proved himself a man to be relied upon in crisis—whether "diplomatic" or otherwise. In match at Lord's in 1899, when he made 81 runs and helped to make the Eton record of 170 for no wicket, his flair for doing the right thing at the right moment was apparent. Hitherto, on the occasion of the annual cricket match, the two opposing teams had sat in almost sullen silence on each side of the luncheon table.

Francis insisted upon altering that; he induced the rival teams to intermingle and installed a

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proper spirit of camaraderie between Etonian and Harrovian.

When war broke out he had already seen much of the world. His name was known and revered wherever sportsmen gathered together. He had already active service in the South African War in the Orange River Colony and Natal, for which he received the Queen's medal with five clasps while serving as a subaltern in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, with whom he afterwards served in India.

In January, 1905, he exchanged into the 9th Lancers, and in that same year had the pleasure of seeing his twin brother, Rivy win the Kadir Cup. Francis himself won the Hog-Hunters Cup, a race run over three miles of pig-sticking country.

In 1809 he played polo in the United States, and in the autumn of that year went to Central Africa on a big game-hunting expedition.

What a training for a young Cavalry officer!

Then in 1911 he had a fall while riding Knight of Avon at Kempton Park, but a few months later he was sufficiently recovered to go to Berlin and study German for the Staff College examination.

In September, 1912, he got his captaincy and was appointed Adjutant to the 9th Lancers.

But it was in August, 1914, that the great adventure started for Francis Grenfell, the adventure for which his career as a sportsman and as a student had trained him. On that day De Lisle's Brigade, which included the 9th Lancers, left Tidworth for France.

A few days afterwards, during a reconnaissance, his horse was shot beneath him and the day after this incident he took part in a cavalry charge against massed German infantry.

Gallant as this charge was, it effected nothing, except to prove once again that the British cavalry still retained the Balaclava spirit, and that the intense training to which they had been subjected during the years of peace was more than justified.

The ground had been but poorly reconnoitred, and the 9th found themselves up against a double line of barbed wire—that

invention of the devil that spoiled warfare, broke many an infant ryman's heart, ruined ranching and interfered with fox-hunting!—within five hundred yards of the enemy.

Horses and men were mercilessly mown down. A terrific fire—rifle, machine-gun and artillery—was poured upon the British troopers. Riderless horses, terrified in spite of their intense training, dashed hither and thither, wounded men sought any shelter that presented itself.

The moment for true leadership was at hand, and it found Grenfell prepared.

Brief shelter for the shattered cavalry squadrons was found behind a house. A few minutes later the enemy guns ranged upon the flimsy cover and the house was blown to bits.

But the momentary respite had enabled Grenfell to get his squadron in hand. The spirit of discipline and steadiness was there. He found himself senior officer in command. He had already narrowly escaped death. He was short through the coat and the boot. He coolly took charge and rallied the remainder of the regiment behind a railway embankment in the vicinity. Here he was shot in the hand, and a minute later severely wounded in the thigh.

Many a man would have justifiably sought the services of the medical officer at the aid post; but not Grenfell, and when, soon after his second wound, the commander of the 119th Battery of the Royal Field Artillery appealed to him to save the guns which were in danger of falling into enemy hands, he did not hesitate.

Promptly he rode out to the guns amidst a hail of bullets and selected the most practical line of withdrawal.

Then, to inspire confidence in the hearts of his men, he coolly jogged back at a trot to the embankment, where the survivors of the 9th Lancers awaited orders.

He called for volunteers to follow him. And he briefly reminded the regiment of the battle of Maiwand, when the 9th Lancers had galloped to save the guns.

He did not appeal to the splendid tradition of the 9th in vain. Every officer and man left in the saddle volunteered, and a few minutes later, under a murderous fire, the guns and limbers were being laboriously manhandled by the cavalry amidst the prostrate forms of the dead and wounded gunners.

The guns were dragged to a position where they could be limbered up. The battery was saved.

Despite his wounds, still untended, Grenfell rode back ten miles with his sadly depleted squadron before he collapsed. This was at seven in the evening. This day's adventure had begun at four o'clock the previous morning!

Those of my readers who remember the terrible nervous strain and physical fatigue that invariably accompanied active service in the Great War, will appreciate the mental and bodily fitness of Francis Grenfell which enabled him to withstand nearly twenty-four hours of fatigue and battle and despite two wounds, to continue to lead and inspire his command.

And, in remembering this, let us pay tribute to the men he led: those splendid men of the first British Expeditionary Force who were, and always will be unequalled in spirit, courage and endurance.

* * *

On February 21, 1915, while in England recovering from wounds, Francis Grenfell received from the hands of his Sovereign the decoration most coveted by the British soldier, the Victoria Cross.

Then, immediately he was fit to fight, he returned to the front, seeking further adventure with the men he loved.

"Those whom the gods love die young." The gods loved Grenfell. On April 23, 1915 in an engagement at Vlamertinghe, he was mortally wounded. His last words were characteristic of the man and characteristic of the great affection which he left for the soldiers whom he had inspired by his splendid leadership, his wonderful sportsmanship—that quality so dear to the heart of the British soldier—and his simplicity:—

"I die happy. Tell the men I loved my squadron."

No finer epitaph could be written of him than the telegram sent

With the Compliments of
James F. Cosgrave,
Toronto, Ont.

H. M. the King to Grenfell's uncle, the veteran Field-Marshal.

"The Queen and I are grieved beyond words that your gallant nephew has fallen in battle. I was proud to give him his nobly-earned Victoria Cross and trusted that he might live to wear it for many years. Our heartfelt sympathy.
—George R.I."

* * *

So, in the cavalcade of heroes, passes Francis Grenfell, soldier and sportsman.

No man could live and die more nobly.

He will never be forgotten.

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Toronto Notes.

The Goat extends early congratulations to Captain S. C. Bate, on the occasion of his recent marriage, and wish the happy couple the best of everything.

We were sorry not to see ex-S.

S.M. Chas. Smith, and Chas. Meeker at the Old Comrades Re-Union. They were unavoidably absent owing to previous engagements.

We were very pleased to see Captain W. E. Gillespie, and Lt. Larocque in Stanley Barracks for the wedding of Captain Bate. Both these officers are looking very well.

Colonel D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., was a visitor to Barracks during the month, making several visits during his short stay in the City.

Q.M.S.I., J. MacLean, M.M., is a patient in Christie Street Hospital, as the result of an unfortunate accident. His horse fell with him, while instructing the R.C.S. of C. and 'Mac' broke a bone in his foot. He was missed by many of the Old Comrades, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

There was a heavy fell of snow in Toronto on April 11th, and 12th this we feel sure must be something of a record, and just as we thought Spring was here.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

Toronto, Ont.

R.C.D. Sergeants' Ball

Representatives of H.Q. M.D., No. 2 and officers W.O's. and Sergeants of both Permanent and Non-Permanent Units of the Toronto Garrison together with members of the City Council, and a host of civilian friends attended a gay and colourful Ball held in the Crystal Ball room of the King Edward Hotel on March 28th. Snappy and appropriate music was furnished by the everpopular orchestra of Bromby, and the floor was well filled by the many present.

A very attractive feature of the affair was the Sergeant's Mess Room which was tastefully decorated with flowers, draperies, and candles each displaying the colors of the Regiment to good advantage. The centre table, which was the centre of interest, was decorated with Regimental ribbon, ivy and flowers, while in the center stood a model of a R.C.D. Sergeant mounted, in Review Or-

der, complete to the last detail. At one end of the table, there were detachments of soldiers in miniature, and at the other end, there was a Hunt in full cry.

The guests were received by R. S.M. and Mrs. Frank Wardell, and Troopers in Review Order made a fitting background at the entrance to the Dance Hall, Elevator, and Mess Room. The ball was considered to be the best ever held by the Sergeant's Mess, and the Committee are to be congratulated on their very splendid arrangements. His Worship Mayor Stewart was unfortunately unable to attend the Ball, but he did make it a point to be present and express his regrets at being unable to stay, wishing the Sergeants' Mess every success at their annual ball.

We were very pleased to see among those present at the Dance, the familiar faces of Colonel D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., Col. Rhoades, D.S.O., and R.S.M. C. Smith, together with many other past members of the Regiment. Q.M.S.I. E. J. Manning represented the 'A' Squadron Mess, and we were sorry that more were not able to attend from there.

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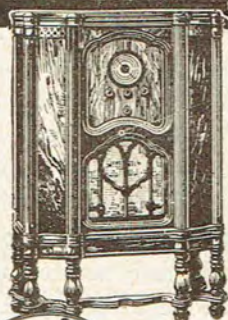


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Cribbage

The Garrison Sergeants' Cribbage league has completed the schedule with the Royal Grenadiers carrying off the cup for the year 1933-34. This is a popular win, as the 'Grens' have been actively connected with cribbage since 'away back when', and this is the first occasion in which they have won the Cup.

Although the R.C.D. Sergeants finished near the tail end of the league, they were never whitewashed, most of the scores being won by the odd game. The team was somewhat handicapped when players were unable to turn out for various reasons, but no alibis are being offered, as the best team won. It is to be hoped that more interest will be displayed next season as the team captain has turned grey-headed, and is to be seen regularly around Barracks muttering to himself 'We are not licked yet.'

On March 26th, the R.C.D. team met the champion Grenadiers in an annual tilt for the Grater Cup [original], with the former carrying off this coveted trophy where it will repose in a place of honour 1934.

Many old timers will recall the origin of this trophy and the sentiment attached. Each year, players of both teams sign a register, and this register which is kept in a drawer in the base of the trophy, will be used eventually to form a historical memo in years to come.

Guard of Honour

Members of the Mess formed a Guard of Honour to Captain Stuart C. Bate, on the occasion of his marriage on April 7th. The Mess extends to this popular officer and his charming bride the best wishes for success and happiness for a great many years to come.

This and That

Q.M.S. T. Doran represented the Mess at the Annual Dinner given by the Toronto Regiment last month, and reports that a good time was had by all.

Representatives of the Mess attended a dinner held by the Scots Fusiliers of Canada in Kitchener, Ontario, on March 7th, Charles Meeker was on deck to give the lads the glad hand. Those making

the trip were G.M.S. Jennings, R. C.E., S.M.I. J. Dowdell Q.M.S. F. Oliver and Sergt. J. R. Coulter.

S/Instr R. Harris carried the greetings of the Mess to the members of the Q.O.R. of Canada at their Annual Dinner at the Royal York Hotel, on March 7th.

S.M.I. 'Harry' Karcher, M.M., is still a patient in Christie Street Hospital. Harry has been moved to more elaborate quarters, and reports that he is quite comfortable, and is being treated well. It is hoped that we will see him around again before very long.

Q.M.S. J. MacLean, M.M. suffered a broken bone in his foot due to a fall from a horse. He is at present a guest of the Christie Street Hospital Staff, and is doing nicely. This accident was most unfortunate as 'Mac' was a driving force in our Dance Preparations, and he was conspicuous by his absence.

A popular saying in the Mess these days is "How many puzzles have you got wrong so far?"

Hope I haven't bored you.

"The Office Boy."

HOCKEY

H.Q. M.D. No. 3 Kingston, Ont. 4
vs.
R.C.D. 3

The Squadron entertained a team representing Kingston, H.Q., at the Ravina Rink, and this turned out to be about the best game of the season. The winners, who were lucky at times put up a stubborn defence that had our boys guessing time and time again, while their forwards were a constant menace, and always dangerous.

The play was fast and exciting at times, with the Drags coming from behind to tie the score, only to lose out in the dying moments of the game. Galloway [twice] and Mathews, scored the goals for the Drags, and were unlucky at times not to better their average. Davidson in goal played his usual safe game, his stops at times bordering on the sensational, while Stuart and Smith, our husky defencemen gave a very good account of themselves. Stafford and Douglass on the forward line were again very much in the limelight, while Galloway who never grows old was the mainstay of the team, offensively and defensively. The

R.C.D. Old Comrades Re-union Smoker.

The Annual-Re-union Smoker of the R.C.D. Old Comrades Association was held at Stanley Barracks, on Saturday, April 7th, and once again a large number of ex-members of the Regiment availed themselves of an opportunity to spend an evening in the Old Army Style. Appropriate music was provided by Ernie Bruce's Band, and a lot of noise was heard when everyone joined in the choruses of popular Army songs.

A feature of this year's gathering was the large number of South African Veterans present, while members of the association had travelled many miles in order to revive old times, and renew old acquaintances. Many messages of good wishes were received from those who were unable to attend, including letters from E. L. Picken, Brant, Alta. C. Othen Benton Alta, and J. M. Lawrence, Wellesley, Mass., U.S.A.

Some of the South African Veterans present were W. E. Cordingly, Maj. N. Medhurst, W. C. Wheatley, now in Hamilton Ont. E. Chambers, C. Harman and Mr. Cooke.

The 'official' part of the evening was brief, and as much time as possible was devoted to a general mixing together, and meeting old friends. The present members of the Regiment performed the duties of Waiters, and were kept busy. 'Waddy' and 'Winkie' Wade were in charge of the 'pub' and had their hands full for the greater part of the evening.

The following is a partial list of those present.

The total attendance being 252.
S.S.M.I., J. Copeland, D.C.M.,

game was cleanly fought the penalties being for the most part for accidental infringements of the rules and the penalized players always left the ice with a broad grin on their face.

The Drags were represented by the following:

Tpr. Davidson, goal; Tpr. Smith and Stuart, defence; L/Cpl. Stafford, Tpr. Maj. Galloway and Tpr. Ward, forwards; Subs. Tpr. E. Douglass, A. Walmsley, J. Mathews, W. W. Murray, F. H. Berkin.

and Tpr. F. Waddington, were in charge of the decorations, and made a splendid job of the gymnasium.

W. H. Barraclough, Beaverton,
J. P. Brown,
H. Wignall.
W. S. Lighthouse, Montreal.
W. Scholes,
T. H. Marks.
F. Ormes, West End Vets. Club
J. F. Clarke.
T. Forbes,
T. E. Fox,
W. J. Bailey,
Geo. Craven,
G. B. Stephens,
Geo. Cook,
Jock Sutherland,
H. Harvey.
A. N. Doyle,
F. Humphrey.
J. Walter,
Andrew Smith,
J. Duncan, Hamilton, Ont.
Jack Wade,
L. McMillan, Hamilton, Ont.
H. Purdy,
E. Brackett,
J. McDonald, Mimico,
W. Coleman, Hamilton,
Q.M.S.I. J. King,
P. W. Bull,
Jim Quinn,
F. Norris,
E. E. Beamish.
John Smuck,
J. V. Johnson,
T. Hallen,
E. Fallis,
H. Black,
G. Morris,
J. P. Thompson,
A. E. Merricks,
E. W. Hare,
D. H. Thomas,
C. Morrison,
G. Jorgensen.
H. G. W. Clarke,
H. Fabb,
T. Morgan.
C. Scott,
R. S. Evans,
W. E. Cordingley,
G. W. MacKenzie,
A. Cornish,
E. Chambers,
J. M. Hinchcliffe,
Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.
P. Morgan,
W. C. Wheatley, Hamilton, Ont.
W. E. Preece,
Geo. A. Stanley,
A. McKay,
A. B. MacKenzie,

R. H. Devlin,
H. J. Sprent,
T. Faulkner,
F. G. Cole,
E. Reed.
J. A. Walker,
C. H. Banbury,
V. Lowens
John Jones,
A. E. Merrick.
T. D. Masey.
G. Walton,
W. J. Burrows.
M. McKay,
J. F. Adams,
G. Anson,
J. Cufaro,
E. R. Ralph,
W. B. Blair,
Bill Cole,
Fred Kent,
G. W. Watkins,
A. Marshall,
A. Marshall.
R. Allen,
H. T. Green,
Thos. Duff,
J. Julius,
W. H. Fairchild,
A. W. Brown,
P. Matte,
James Nicol,
G. Walker,
A. F. McKee,
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D. Walsh,
J. Mitchell.
H. E. Bonney,
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F. Harris,
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H. P. Staig,
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M. A. Maddeaux,
H. Hilton,
H. Bridges,
J. Johnston,
A. R. Jones,
K. G. McKenzie,
B. Jones,
E. Amos,
C. Chapell.
F. R. Baker,
S. Watts,
J. Fletcher,
J. McGee,
C. E. Kemp,
H. McCart,
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Captain 'Dick' Paton.
Major Medhurst,
Major Hetherington,
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W. H. Young,
J. Smart,
W. R. Arnoldi,
A. Ford,
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Geo. Hill.
C. Harman,
A. Smith,
H. Dreppenstedt,
P. F. Arnoldi.
H. Wilcox
E. B. Smith,
D. Lamb,
B. Wilson,
A. McGinnis,
E. Butler,
A. Duncan,
E. Tuite,
W. A. Boyd,
J. L. Cobb,

P. McColl,
R. M. Evans.
H. L. Mason,
A. Clarke,
E. Hubbard,
P. Martin,
E. Hubbard,
F. A. Green,
M. J. Gilmore,
J. Shulman,
T. L. Hobbs, Sr.
A. H. Scott,
J. Kirk,
W. B. Preston.
Albert Lane,

The following letters were received by the Secretary Old Comrades' Assn.:

Dear Madden:

Many thanks for your invitation to the re-union on Saturday I could wish for nothing better than to be with you all, but under the present circumstances, I shall not be able to attend.

Give my best regards to Jock Davidson, Victor Badeau and all the other old boys, and I am sure that I shall be able to come at some future time, so until then I must wait patiently. I sincerely hope you will have a very happy time now, and in the future.

Yours very affectionately,

John Lawrence

51 Avon Road, Wellesley,
Mass, U.S.A.

Dear Madden:

I am sorry I cannot be with you to-morrow evening, but I will see you at the picnic. Give my kindest regards and best wishes to everyone.

Yours in comradeship,

A. G. Smith,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

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Dear Comrade:

Very sorry I was unable to get down to the re-union last night; and I hope I will be able to see you at the next one.

Sincerely yours,

C. E. MacPherson,
131 Munro Street,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Madden:

Just a line to wish your re-union every success. I enclose a cheque to pay admission for any two old-timers who happen to be unemployed.

Yours sincerely,
E. K. Picken.
ex No. 600,
'B' Sqn. R.C.D.

Dear Comrades:

It was with pleasure I received your invitation to the Old Comrades re-union. But unfortunately I will not be able to attend as I am a patient in Christie Street Hospital. They are going to give me an operation for a bone graft in the jaw, on the 7th. Although I will not be with you in per-

son, my best wishes will be. Please accept this small donation.

Yours sincerely,
F. Oke,
London, Ont.

Dear Old Comrade:

I received your letter with invitation to the re-union. Was very sorry that I am unable to attend. I hope that all those who were had a very enjoyable time.

We are having nice spring weather after a very long and trying winter. The winter started early and was very severe before the new year, but since then the weather has been very fair for the most part.

There was practically nothing grown here last year. I had considerable feed and seed over for 1932, but have had to buy considerable this last three months. I have 14 head of horses but do not keep any cattle lately.

I hope this finds you and all the old timers of the Regiment well.

Yours truly,
Chas. R. Othen,
Brandon, Alta.

Will anybody tell "Mahatma Ghandi" when the [Tack Wallas] are going on their visit to the Richelieu Dairy. The so called "Boozers" recently took a visit to the National Breweries. If the Montreal trip was arranged I don't see why the local dairies could not do the same.

On the Evidence

"What do you go round in? inquired the Scot.

"One hundred and fourteen," said his Hebrew friend.

"The last time I did this course I took one hundred and sixteen," returned the Scot.

Thy agreed to play for five dollars the round, and at the end of the game the Jew had done the course in seventy-six and the Scot in seventy-four.

"You're a liar," said the Jew.

It is those who have tried it most frequently who are convinced that marriage is a failure.

How comforting to reflect that the ordinary car you have is the wonderful one the ad describes.

Slave to Accuracy

Old Lady—"My poor man, I suppose you have had many trials in your life?"

Tramp—"Yes, ma'am, but only one conviction."

A busy business man was using the telephone. "I want Bank double-two, double-two," he said. "Two-two, two-two," repeated the girl in the exchange reproachfully.

"All right," said the man patiently; "you get me the number and we will play at trains later on."

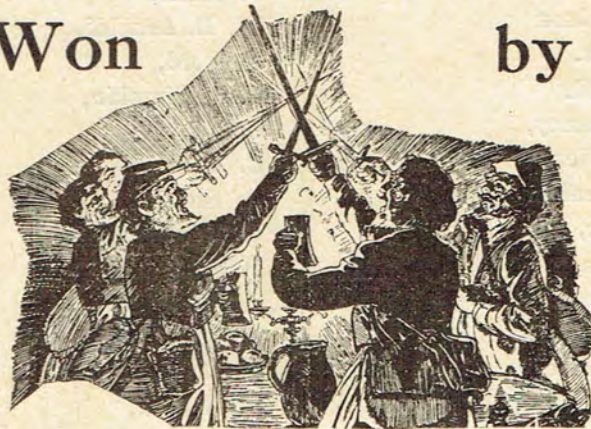
A girl and a car are much alike. A good paint job conceals the years, but the lines tell the story.

The Book-of-the-Month club idea can be carried too far. We have just been invited to join the Neck-tie-a-Month Club.

Even if you can't tell a mother and her daughter apart now, there is very little that you can't tell them together.

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White Cap
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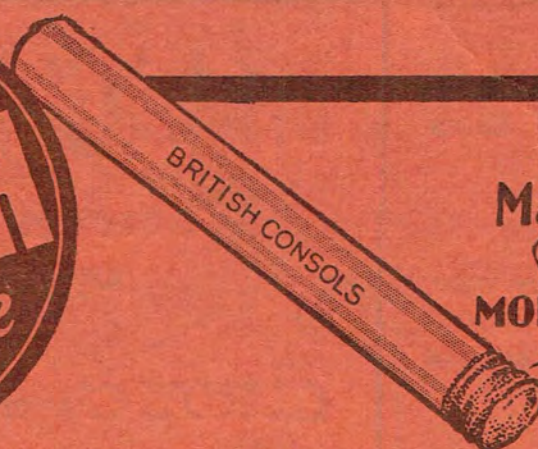
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